

The Cheerful Letter

EVERY PLACE A CHURCH; EVERY DAY THE LORD'S DAY; ALL EVENTS BLESSINGS; ALL JOY
THANKSGIVING; AND ALL NATURE AND LIFE FULL OF GOD.—*James Freeman Clarke.*

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THE DAY IS OVER.

The day is over,
The feverish, careful day;
Can I recover
Strength that has ebbd away?
Can ever sleep such freshness give,
That I again should wish to live?

Let me lie down,
No more I seek to have
A heavenly crown;
Give me a quiet grave;
Release, and not reward, I ask,—
Too hard for me life's heavy task.

Now let me rest;
Hushed be my striving brain,
My beating breast;
Let me put off my pain,
And feel me sinking, sinking deep
Into an abyss of sleep.

The morrow's noise,
Its anguish, hope, and fear,
Its empty joys,
Of these I shall not hear:
Call me no more, I cannot come,
I'm gone to be at rest at home.

Earth undesired
And not for Heaven meet,
In one so tired
What's left but slumber sweet—
Beneath a grassy mound of trees,
Or at the bottom of the seas?

Yet let me have
Once in a thousand years
Thoughts in my grave;
To know how free from fears
I sleep, and that I there shall lie
Through undisturbed eternity.

And, when I wake,
Then let me hear above
The birds that make
Songs, not of human love;
Or muffled tones my ear may reach,
Or storms that sound from beach to beach.

But hark! what word
Breathes through the twilight dim?
"Rest in the Lord,
Wait patiently for Him.
Return, O soul, and thou shalt have
A better rest than in thy grave."

My God, I come;
But I was sorely shaken.
Art Thou my home?
I thought I was forsaken.
I know Thou art a sweeter rest
Than earth's soft side, or ocean's breast.

Yet this my cry,
"I ask no more for Heaven;
Now let me die,
For I have vainly striven!"
I had but for that word from Thee
Renounced my immortality.

Now, I return;
Return, O Lord, to me.
I cannot earn
That heaven I'll ask of Thee,
But with Thy peace amid the strife
I still can live in hope of life.

The careful day,
The feverish day is over;
Strength ebbd away,
I lie down to recover.
I sleep with Him, I shall be blessed,
Whose word has brought my sorrows rest.
—T. T. Lynch.

THE LAMP AND THE OIL.

"They that were foolish took their lamps but took no oil in them; but the wise took oil in their vessels with their lamps."
 MATT. XXV. 3, 4.

The picturesque and beautiful parable of the Ten Virgins has such life in every one of its details that it has always tempted those who studied it to try to find a meaning for it at every point. It seemed as if there could be no turn of such a story that was put in merely for ornament or for completeness. Some spiritual sense must lurk in every part. Such a desire may be carried to excess. Overminuteness of allegorizing weakens and fritters away the broad, strong meanings of the parables. But of this parable, more than of almost any other, it does seem as if the spiritual truth which Christ was teaching flashed so naturally into the form of what to his hearers was a familiar story that not by an elaborate and artificial seeking-out of correspondences, but by the essential truth of the analogy, each point in the truth found its own point in the story, as, when a city full of lights is reflected in the clearest lake, not merely the lighted city, but every separate light in its towering houses, is repeated in the water below, if we can only find it there.

What is the meaning of the lamp and oil? The lamp is hard, material, unilluminating. The power of light is wholly in the oil. And yet the lamp gives to the oil its opportunity to do its work and shed its light. Without the lamp, the oil, in spite of all of the essential power of illumination which it possesses, must be dull and lightless. Give a man oil without a lamp or a lamp without oil, and he is helpless and sits in the dark in either case. The lamp gives the oil its point of manifestation, brings it out to where it can burn, puts it into the shape and place where it can be turned into light and blessing. The oil is power. The lamp is opportunity. It is like the way in which the organ takes the wind and turns it into music. The organ is silent without the wind and the wind without the organ. The oil without the lamp and the lamp without the oil, each is darkness. Power without opportunity and opportunity without power. And so in all of life there are two elements so bound to one another that each of them is useless without the other. There is the mass of affections and hopes and impulses, all the spiritual part of us, all that is unseen and belonging to our inner life. In this the real power of light resides. These are the powers by which a man shines and burns. These are the fire that is in him. And then there are the physical parts of us, our bodies and all that belongs to them, the

outside world, all our relationships, all machineries and combinations of external life. And these two are necessary to one another. Take them apart, and both are useless. The most elaborate, external life, all perfectness of body, all richness of relationships, all profuse abundance of the mere machinery of living, is dull and dead without the power of thoughts, affections, hopes, desires, tastes, to fill them with vitality. They are lamps without oil.

There are two points in the Saviour's parable which come out very strongly and which I beg you to observe. One is the time when the deficiency appeared. "At midnight there was a cry made, Behold the Bridegroom cometh, Go ye forth to meet him," and then it was, as "those virgins arose and trimmed their lamps," that the dismayed and frightened cry arose, "Give us of your oil, for our lamps are gone out." It was when the Bridegroom came that they saw how empty their lamps were. It is when Christ comes that every hollowness and insincerity and emptiness of our lives grow manifest. And when does Christ come? He came long ago, and the world saw its emptiness. He will come again, and men shall be judged at his appearing. He will come to us when we die, and then in the honesty of the death-bed we shall see how hollow much of our life has been. But He is coming always. In every emergency, in every meeting of our finite lives with the infinite, in every deep and solemn crisis, it is Christ who comes. And then, when our sorrow or our joy is too great for us to carry, when remorse lays hold of us, or noble aspiration tempts us, when we are left all alone by the dropping off of our last friend or are confronted by what we know instinctively to be the great duty or the great temptation of our lives, then it is seen, then perhaps we ourselves think for the first time, think whether there is oil in our lamps, whether there is truth behind the form in which we have been living and spirit in the deeds we have been doing.

Very quietly in the pleasant afternoon these maidens had set out from home. There was time enough then to get their oil. Calmly and deliberately, then, they could have filled their vessels and so been ready at the midnight cry which left them no more time for preparation. And, O my friends, you who are young and calm and happy, you to whom no emergencies have come, you whose lives are all peace and sunshine, you are just setting out on the road of life which must surely bring you some day to critical meeting with Christ your judge. Do not anticipate crises. Do not manufacture them. They will come soon enough. Only from the be-

ginning be ready for them. Give every act its noblest spirit. Give every form its fullest meaning. Beware of insincerity. Be real. Be real in everything. Be real and be spiritual, and then whatever comes shall find your life full and elastic. The lamp and the oil, the deed and the spirit, shall both be there, and the coming of Christ, whether it be in joy or sorrow, shall open for you an entrance into some higher life.

The other point in the story is the refusal of the wise virgins to share the oil which they had brought with their foolish sisters. "Give us of your oil, for our lamps are gone out." "Not so, lest there be not enough for us and you." Does it sound churlish and unkind? But, if the oil be indeed what we have said, the spiritual quality of actions and of life, then it was a necessity. They could have answered nothing else. They could not give what by its very nature is purely personal. No man can give you his spiritual life. Forms he may communicate. He may teach you his habits. You may copy his actions. He may control your outward life. But the spirit, the love, the hope that is in him and gives all their value to the things he does, those are his, and he cannot give them to you and they would not burn in your lamp if he could. You must have loves, hopes, truly your own, got for yourself directly from the God who makes them. Oh, in the least emergency how men are seen everywhere running to other men, saying, "Give us your spirit to meet this with." But it is not possible. The inward life, the sincerity and truth of the heart, no one can give us except God; and, when he gives it to us, it is all our own, different from any other man's alive. All we can do is with urgency and affection to send one another to him.

There is a waiting of the soul for what God has in store for it, a lifelong waiting full of happiness and peace. It finds infinite duties the true utterance and education of infinite affections. It finds in their spiritual motives the poetry and inspiration of all its common actions. And, when Christ comes, either in some duty which demands supreme self-sacrifice for him or in the last great Advent when he bids us follow him into the unseen life, the soul grows solemn as it sees him, but it does not grow afraid. It calmly trims its lamp and follows him into the unknown duty or the unknown life; for it knows that there it shall be lighted as it has been lighted here by the lamp full of the oil, by the obedience of Christ filled with the love of Christ.

So may we all be waiting, doing every

duty from its highest motive, and so living in his presence that no most sudden manifestation of how near he is can ever take us by surprise.—*Phillips Brooks.*

THE STILL HOUR.

PER PACEM AD LUCEM.

I do not ask, O Lord, that life may be
A pleasant road;
I do not ask that Thou wouldst take from me
Aught of its load.

I do not ask that flowers should always spring
Beneath my feet;
I know too well the poison and the sting
Of things too sweet.

For one thing only, Lord, dear Lord, I plead;
Lead me aright—
Though strength should falter and though
heart should bleed—
Through Peace to Light.

I do not ask, O Lord, that Thou shouldst shed
Full radiance here;
Give but a ray of peace that I may tread
Without a fear.

I do not ask my cross to understand,
My way to see;
Better in darkness just to feel thy hand,
And follow Thee.

Joy is like restless day; but peace divine
Like quiet night;
Lead me, O Lord, till perfect day shall shine—
Through Peace to Light.

—*Holy Family.*

THE FOOT-PATH TO PEACE.

To be glad of life because it gives you the chance to love and to work and to play and to look up at the stars;

To be satisfied with your possessions, but not contented with yourself until you have made the best of them;

To despise nothing in the world except falsehood and meanness, and to fear nothing except cowardice;

To be governed by your admirations rather than by your disgings;

To covet nothing that is your neighbor's except his kindness of heart and gentleness of manners;

To seldom think of your enemies, often of your friends, and every day of Christ;

And to spend as much time as you can, with body and spirit, in God's out-of-doors.

These are little guide-posts on the foot-path to peace.

—Henry Van Dyke.

THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB.

Send all offers and requests to be printed in this department to Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 60 Goffe Street, Quincy, Mass.

Please remember, when you see a request for a book in the Book Club, to write a card to Mrs. Nichols, asking, "Shall I send such a book to such a person?" before sending it, else the person who requests it may receive several copies. When any one writes directly to you, asking for a book offered by you, send a card to Mrs. Nichols, saying that you have sent it. When you receive more requests than you can meet, send these to the Book Club to be printed there.

OFFERS.

The Cambridge Branch offers the following books. Address Miss M. A. Vinal, 20 Lowell Street, Cambridge, Mass.:—

Miscellaneous.

"History of the Middle Ages," Hallam (two volumes); "Our Seven Homes," author of "Schönberg-Cotta Family"; "St. Phillips"; "Ecce Homo"; "Happy Thought Hall," F. C. Burnand; "The Seer," Leigh Hunt (two volumes); "Darkest England and the Way Out," Gen. Booth; "Counsels of a Worldly Godmother," Persis Mather; "Jess: Bits of Wayside Gospel," Jenkin Lloyd Jones; "Log-book of a Fisherman and Zoölogist," Frank Buckland; "Formation of Christian Character," Henry Ware; "Social Evolution," Kidd; "Kidnapped," Stevenson; "Karl Grier," Louis Tracy; "Joseph Vance," De Morgan; "John of the Woods," Abbie Farwell Brown; Gray's "Poems"; "Childe Harold," Byron.

Magazines.

The *Survey*, social, charitable, civic, nineteen months, January to June, 1912; The *Outlook*, 1912, almost complete; *House and Garden*, illustrated, 1910-11; *Babyhood*, for mothers.

Mrs. Grace H. Boothby, 68 Stanton Street, Dorchester, Mass., offers the following books: "Mosses from an Old Manse"; "Haw of Iceland," Victor Hugo; "The Day's Work," Kipling; "Constance Trescott," Dr. S. W. Mitchell; "Sister to Evangeline," Charles D. G. Roberts.

REQUESTS.

Those who write to us for the first time must send the name and address of a minister as a reference. Without that the request will not be printed.

1. I should appreciate receiving "Independent Fourth Reader," "A Little Pilgrim," "Our Lady of the Green," or any reading matter for the second, third, and fourth grades. Mrs. James C. Dunham, 517 North Long Street, Salisbury, North Carolina.

2. I thank all the kind people who have contributed to my pleasure in many ways. I shall be pleased to receive cards of public libraries. Will you send some cards, etc., to a young girl? I have never been able to see her, as I am shut in so much, but she is certainly deserving, for she is so bright and brave. She is fourteen years old, but cannot walk, and also has a bad double curvature of the spine. Her parents are very poor. Her address is, Ethel Jackson, 402 South I Street, Oskaloosa, Iowa. Mrs. Abbie Farnsworth, 327 North D Street, Oskaloosa, Iowa.

3. As I have not received any reading since last winter, I am going to ask you not to forget me this winter. I enjoyed all the things sent me so much. I gave all of them away as I finished with them. I should like the *Ladies' Home Journal* or *Woman's Home Companion*. Mrs. John Henderson, R. 2, Sandidges, Virginia. Express office, Pearch, Virginia.

4. In looking over a copy of the *Cheerful Letter*, I find that you will furnish reading to persons who are lonely. I live in the country with my aged mother, and am also a great sufferer from rheumatism, and consequently am closely confined to the house. I should be very glad of reading matter. Miss J. Rives Layne, R. F. D. 1, Box 58, Amherst, Virginia.

5. Mrs. J. L. Knight, Buena Vista, Virginia, will be glad of reading, as she is lonely.

6. I should be very glad if some one would send me some vocal and instrumental music, and also reading matter. I should appreciate Dickens's and Scott's works. Miss Helen Lyon, Whitakers, North Carolina.

7. Mrs. Edith Reynolds, Sherman, Michigan, Wexford County, the mother of two little girls, Vernie aged five and Alice three, would very much enjoy either the *Woman's Home Companion*, *Strand*, or *Cosmopolitan*. Mrs. Reynolds is the daughter of our long-time friend, Mrs. Cora Hoskinson.

8. The "Wide, Wide World" and "The Minister's Wooing" are asked for by Mrs.

M. E. Washington, Endicott, Virginia, Route 1, Box 17.

9. Mrs. Minnie Poor, Highpoint, North Carolina, will be glad of reading for herself, and pretty books for her children, Thomas and Noah.

10. Mrs. M. E. James, Unionville, North Carolina, R. 2, will appreciate pictures and reading matter of a light nature.

11. Mr. Loe Olds, Pequot, Minnesota, will enjoy *Scientific American* or *Everybody's Magazine*.

12. I write to thank the dear friends who from time to time have sent me reading, and also to tell you that I have moved from Sandy Ridge to Spray, North Carolina. I shall be glad to receive anything for myself and children, as we live in a strange place and know no one. Mrs. Nellie Craig, Spray, North Carolina.

13. A friend gave me the address of the Cheerful Letter Exchange, and said that they would send books and magazines to those needing them. I live in a lonely place and should like to receive some reading matter, good magazines, and books of adventure, outdoor life and travel. T. B. Goldesberry, Toronto, Kansas, R. F. D. 1.

14. Mrs. Annie Maze, Critz, Virginia, a poor widow, would be glad to receive reading matter.

15. Mr. W. E. Starnes, Granite Falls, North Carolina, asks especially for *Argosy*, but will be very glad of any reading.

16. It has been a long time since I have written to any of you, though I have received some nice reading. I have not been well for a year, so mother and I locked up our home, and are spending the winter with my sister, Mrs. J. R. Ware, who has moved from Sandidges to Amherst, Virginia. I want to thank every one who has sent me reading during the year, and, if any one sends me any books between now and June, please send to my present address. I am so thankful to all who have remembered me in the past, and hope I shall not be forgotten in the future. Miss Virginia A. Taylor, Amherst, Virginia.

17. *McClure*, 1913, is asked for by Mr. B. C. Towle, Searsport, Maine.

18. I have not written to the *Cheerful Letter* for a long time, but, as it is near the holidays, I will write again. I hope some one can send the *Youth's Companion* for my boys, and the *Ladies' Home Journal* for myself. I shall be very glad, as the winter months seem very long and lonely. Mrs. M. H. Coleman, Critz, Virginia.

19. Mrs. J. W. Reams, Isle of Wight, Virginia, asks for the *Ladies' Home Journal* or the *Review of Reviews*.

20. Mrs. R. L. Pratt, Sandy Ridge, North Carolina, asks for reading.

21. Mrs. A. J. McQueen, Box 207, Rowland, North Carolina, asks for *Munsey*, *St. Nicholas*, and *Good Housekeeping*, current numbers.

22. A Testament with Apocrypha is asked for by Mr. A. W. Stone, Wrightville, Arkansas.

23. I want to thank all who have sent me music and reading, and assure you that all have been enjoyed and appreciated by each member of the family. I shall be glad of any good reading and music, and no one will appreciate them more than I. Mrs. James R. Ware, Amherst, Virginia.

24. I take this method of thanking all who have been so kind in sending me reading during the past year, also for the book called "Voices." I should be glad to get Mrs. Humphry Ward's book "Marriage à la Mode" and also the *Cosmopolitan* for October, November, and December, 1911, and all of 1912. Mrs. Rose Bailey, Rose, Kansas, R. R. 2.

25. Mary E. Decker, 837 Billings Street, Springfield, Missouri, will be thankful to receive any reading that may be sent.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS.

Mrs. James R. Ware from Sandidges to Amherst, Virginia.

Mrs. J. W. Reams is at Isle of Wight, Virginia, for the winter.

Miss Daisy G. Decker, formerly of Coles Valley, Oregon, is now Mrs. Daisy G. Dewell, Port Townsend, Washington, Box 135.

Mr. R. Erbeschloe is now at Kansas City, Missouri, and can receive literature.

Mrs. Mary Heckard from Toronto to Fall River, Kansas, Route 2.

AT REST.

Mrs. Annie M. Hesler.

Miss Etta M. Lewis.

In the sudden death of Miss Mary R. Peabody the Cambridge Branch loses a devoted and faithful member. She has been chairman of the committee for ten years and treasurer since the branch was organized seventeen years ago, it being one of the first branches of the Cheerful Letter Exchange. We shall miss not only her presence at our meetings, but her constant interest in the work.

To quote from a poem of Whittier's which was read at her services:—

"Her path shall brighten more and more
Unto the perfect day:
She cannot fail of peace who bore
Such peace with her away."

Miss Clarke would like the address of two of her old correspondents from whom she has not heard for a long time,—Mrs. E. M. Backus and Mrs. Helen M. Hutchinson.

The last two years have been somewhat exceptional, and Miss Clarke has not been able to keep up with all her correspondents.

Address: Miss L. Freeman Clarke, 91 Mt. Vernon Street, Boston, Mass.

THE MOTHERS' COUNCIL.

TWO PRAYERS FOR CHILDREN.

I Do Not Need to Wait.

I need not wait for special times
To speak to God in prayer;
Nor do I always have to kneel
To feel that He is there.
No matter what the time or place,
I only need to be
Just full of faith that God is near,
And He will succor me.

God's love for me is not alone
In times of joy and power;
It glows with light and comfort through
Each darkened day or hour.
In times of work or thought or play,
Through hours of pain or care,
God lives with constant love, and hears
Each earnest wish and prayer.

A New Day.

Dear God, a night has passed away.
Life gives to me another day;
A day to work with might and main,
A day to try and try again.
It is a day that surely brings
A host of many happy things.
O make the life that I am living
Worthy of all Your gifts and giving.

To-day please make each deed of mine
Gentle and patient, pure and fine.
Give friends to me, and work and fun,
With love and laughter, song and sun.
Teach me to wait and to endure.
Help me to keep my honor sure.
Make this a day for Life's adorning,
And full of love as this *Good Morning*.

Amen.

WHEN CHILDREN ARE GROWING UP.

I have just had a visit from a friend who is passing through this experience, and something she said has remained with me:—

"My boy and girl are coming into young manhood and womanhood before I have begun to realize that they have outgrown their babyhood, and it frightens me. I wish they were back in my arms once more, real babies."

Every mother of grown children can sympathize with this one. It is indeed a crucial time with her when she recognizes that she is no longer the mother of the child, but of the young man and woman, and that the mutual attitude must of necessity change, and there must be a readjustment of relations. At fourteen or fifteen the "may-I?" of the child changes into the less deferential "Shall I?" or "Would you?" of youth, and the young son and daughter begin to avoid the necessity of asking leave to carry out their plans or their desires. They are not so ready as they were a little while since to explain all their ideas of action, nor do they show so much anxiety for maternal co-operation. It is a perilous time for them, as well as an anxious period for the mother, who has to bring to bear all the tact, wisdom, and affection of which she is the mistress to help her through, so that she can in turn help them. The wrong method applied at this time will mar a whole life, and warp and deform a character which by other methods might have been full, round, and symmetrical.

Even the wisest mother fails sometimes to comprehend what effect thoughtless words of comment and chiding for every small matter that goes wrong have upon the half-grown boy or girl. They are more than likely to grow reserved and to become sullen under restraints which they dislike, and, when once this sullen attitude sets in, there may be a farewell spoken to all confidential relations between parent and child. To avert such an evil—for evil it most certainly is—the mother must apply all her powers of tact and kindness. Above all she must carefully avoid arousing the spirit of perverse-

ness that stirs in every young creature at this period of life, and, by enlarging the opportunities for action as ambition extends, soothe any budding revolutionary ideas, and inspire that trust and confidence in "mother's" sympathy and benevolence that will be a safeguard when advice and assistance are needed.

There is no such thing in the world as entire independence. Every one who lives is "under the law." And I believe that this is what mothers should teach their children, especially their half-grown ones in whom individuality is struggling for expression. Make them feel that they are not so much under government as at one with it; that they, in a sense, make their own laws by being reasonable and deferring to the larger experience where their own falls short. It is most injudicious to draw the lines of parental government closer when youthful high spirits begin to pull upon them. It is the growing manhood and womanhood that is beginning to demand recognition.

SELECTED.

[Letters and articles on subjects interesting to mothers are always welcome in this department. Questions and stories of personal experiences are especially desired. In sending these, address directly, Miss L. Freeman Clarke, 91 Mt. Vernon Street, Boston, Mass.]

NATURAL HISTORY.

EXPERIMENTS ON ANIMAL MINDS.

A French society has created at Longchamps a kind of school of experiment on the mental powers of different kinds of animals. According to a correspondent of the *Daily Mail*, the tests of their reasoning powers are to be witnessed by as many subscribers as possible, probably to avoid anything like unduly personal bias in judging the results. But the idea is rather comical. There is to be a circus or arena, into which the animal to whom the mental conundrums are to be set will be introduced. Around it are seats for four hundred members, who will watch with French enthusiasm, but scientific self-restraint, the puzzled fox contriving shifts to drink out of a deep vessel, and the thoughtful efforts of the crane to eat soup from a shallow one. That, at least, is the form which the first experiments took. A lion was given some meat shut up in a box with

a lid to it, and the spectators watched to see whether the lion would open the lid or crack the box. He did the former, much to the gratification of the company. The Longchamps lion was unanimously voted to have acted "reasonably"; and some monkeys, to which a rather more complicated task was set, also came out of the examination with flying colors.

If animals can be borrowed from these collections, in which they have grown up with little fear of man, and are not disinclined to feed and go through their ordinary daily life before strangers, it would be possible to collect a body of positive evidence—first, of inductive reasoning in animals, and, second, by applying where possible the same tests to different species—of the comparative intelligence of different species. The society will first have to draw up or settle on a series of examination papers or tests for the involuntary subjects. "Elementary questions" might begin in this way: (1) choice, and the solving of difficulties caused by the possibility of choosing more than one course of action to obtain the same end; (2) mechanical difficulties, and animal means of overcoming them; (3) questions of number, and animal degrees of sensitiveness to numbers. Such experiments are naturally difficult. But it is not necessary to employ and observe only large animals. Brains do not in the least depend on size, and there is plenty of opportunity of obtaining interesting results from experiments with the smaller races. In the tests of reason used in choice,—perhaps they had better be called dilemmas,—the rat, the dog, the raven, and the otter might usefully be allowed to compete. Some experiments easily tried are the following: Give a tame black and white rat a large cherry. This he will seize with his paws and then take in his mouth and hold on to it like a bulldog. Then quickly offer him another. Being an Egyptian rat, and in the experience of his species never having forgotten the famine in Joseph's time, he is always afraid of another, and so is painfully anxious to secure both cherries at once and carry them off to hide in his bed. As he has only room in his mouth for one cherry, the problem is to see how he manages it. The answer should of course not be published here.

The dog has the same problem presented to him when out shooting occasionally, when a small retriever has two running birds to pick up and cannot bring both. The foolish, idiotic dogs (the majority) first pick one up, then drop it, pick up the other, bring that, and lose the first. Very clever dogs carry the first bird up to the second, rush at that,

smother it with their paws, and, holding the first in their mouths, wait to see what will happen next. Dogs of a coldly calculating turn kill the first bird, drop it, pick up the live one, and take it to their master, and then fetch the dead one.

A question suggested for otters and not yet solved is to put two otters and one active fish in a tank with an obstacle partly crossing the tank through which the fish can pass and the otter cannot. Would one otter block the hole while the other chased the fish? The raven should be made the subject of experiments in number. His passion for hiding treasures ought to be usefully exploited in this direction. It would be easy enough to arrange for one to steal and hide teacups or some other object of *virtù*, and then observe whether he felt any chagrin at the abstraction of any of them. One of the easiest "obstacle" problems is that of drawing some object which the animal wishes for through a set of bars or wires. This is a common difficulty in the daily life of captive animals, and one in which it would be quite easy to note their respective shifts and devices. The cleverest mode of coping with a difficulty somewhat of this nature now exhibited by any animal in London is the way in which the large African elephant at the "Zoo" restores to his would-be entertainers all the biscuits, whole or broken, which strike the bars and fall alike out of his reach and theirs in the space between the barrier and his cage. He points his trunk straight at the biscuits and *blows* them hard along the floor to the feet of the persons who have thrown them. He clearly knows what he is doing, because, if the biscuit does not travel well, he gives it a harder blow.

The ideal result of some years of inquiry pursued by a properly equipped society into the subject of animal intelligence would be to grade species, in reference to the development of reason, from mere cells to the creatures which form general ideas and make deductions from them. That there are hundreds of species which do this, or rather in which most individuals do this, after making the general conclusions in their own lifetime, we have no doubt whatever. It is evident even from their mistakes. Nordenskiöld found that the white bears generally went through a long performance of stalking his sailors, clearly on the mistaken conclusion that they were seals. As the men were clothed partly in sealskin, it was a very natural mistake. But the interest of the story lies in the generalization made by the bear. The bear said: "There are two or three seals, one standing up on its flippers in

a very unusual way. I will therefore stalk them unseen as long as I can, and, when they see me, pretend to be doing something else." So the men, with their guns and lances, who wanted to shoot the bear, had the pleasure of seeing him crawling carefully behind rocks and ice hummocks, making long detours this way and that, and every now and then clambering up a rock and peeping cautiously over to see if the seals had gone. On the open snow the bear would saunter off in another direction, and then, falling flat, push himself along on his belly with his great front paws covering his black muzzle, the only thing not matching the snow about him. Just as the bear thought he had got his "seal," the latter fired and shot him,—a victim of false analogy. It is unfortunate that many of the best instances of animal action on reasonable premises are not likely to be produced on the stage of the French society's "circus." These are the actions of animals either pursuing or pursued. Many of these exhibit a knowledge of facts very little known to the majority of mankind, such as of the places where scent lies or is obliterated and of the effects of wind in carrying evidence of their presence to the pursuer. *Spectator.*

DO DOGS REASON?

The following is given as a striking instance of the powers of reasoning which dogs are said to possess:—

A Newfoundland dog was sent across a stream to fetch the hats of his master and a friend, while they walked on some distance ahead. The animal having reached the spot where the hats were, tried to swim the stream holding both in his mouth at one time, and found that he could not; their shape prevented him. He paused, and seemed to be thinking out what was to be done, when he discovered that one hat was larger than the other: at once he put one inside the other, and carried them safely by the brim.

In Florida, alligators are the enemies of dogs. I have heard of a wise old hound who baffled his foes by attracting them by his voice to one part of the river which he wished to cross, and then running at full speed to another part and swimming across before they could follow him.

S. C. C.

In a part of New South Wales, the bees, one year, suffered much from drought, and they are now reported to have made provision against it by filling a large number of external cells with water.—*Selected.*

WILLIAM GREENLEAF ELIOT.

III.

(Continued from December number.)

In September, 1849, Mr. Eliot left St. Louis for a missionary tour. He visited a number of places, and preached many times.

The subjects of discourse had been of "directly practical nature, with no further allusion to controverted doctrines than is unavoidable in a faithful ministration of the gospel." "Such subjects," he wrote, "are by far the most acceptable to the audiences gathered in the small towns and villages where I preach. There is altogether too much of what is called doctrinal preaching in the West, add too little of that which addresses itself to men simply as sinners, and as believers in Jesus Christ." Mr. Eliot had "seldom less than one hundred hearers of all sects"; and "warm assurances were uniformly given of the acceptableness of his services, together with invitations for their renewal." He had found no obstacle thrown in his way by sectarian zeal, but everywhere a disposition to receive kindly what was kindly meant.

Dr. Eliot's friend, Dr. Heywood of Louisville, in a memorial sermon, delivered in 1887, referred thus to his labors as a missionary: "To him, with his clear eye and large soul, the opportunities, the spiritual needs and demands of the great West, could not but be ever present; nor was he at any time deaf to its Macedonian cry for moral and religious help. He had been ordained, not as the minister of a single church, but as an evangelist, and the ordination had, as it proved, singular significance and fitness. He was what he was ordained to be,—a bearer far and near of good tidings, the best tidings. He became not formally, not professedly, but really, the Unitarian bishop—apostle rather—to that wide region. To Alton, Tremont, Peoria, Quincy, Shelbyville, in Illinois; to Burlington and Davenport in Iowa; to Hannibal, St. Joseph, Columbia, in Missouri; to St. Paul, Minnesota; to Milwaukee, Wisconsin, and to many another place whence the call came,—he was ready to go whenever it was possible to him; and wherever he went he was gratefully welcomed as minister, teacher, adviser, friend.

In 1856 he visited Milwaukee, and a daughter of one of the members of the early church there wrote that her father and mother had received word that Dr. Eliot was coming to help them found their church, and about

thirty persons met in their parlor on that Sunday morning. She continues:—

"Dr. Eliot occupied a very beautiful carved chair, which has ever since been associated with his name in our family, and there was a simple service, devotional exercises, and then a short address.

"Then—without any previous talk—Dr. Eliot asked for a sheet of paper, and wrote on it 'Subscriptions towards founding a church in Milwaukee, to be called the "Church of the Redeemer," William G. Eliot—\$500.' It was a complete surprise, and stirred the people amazingly,—the fact that a stranger should so generously start a subscription,—and every one responded according to his means, as liberally as possible, so that when the paper had been around the room there was \$6,500 pledged. In the afternoon Dr. Eliot went with some of the gentlemen to select a site, which was purchased, and afterwards built upon.

"Dr. Eliot left Milwaukee the next day. In later years he returned several times to preach. I remember his fine presence and the earnest expression of his beautiful eyes, and his smile that had not only sweetness, but a certain intensity also. I cannot describe it. . . . I regarded him with awe and great respect, and trod gently when in his presence, shrinking when he spoke to me. . . . I remember well the strong impression made by his personality."

The ten years preceding the Civil War were the most prosperous in the history of the Church of the Messiah. The large edifice was almost invariably well filled, sometimes even to overflowing, with a large, influential, and thinking congregation, not particularly wealthy, but conspicuous for liberal giving.

Dr. Eliot had indeed a remarkable gift for training his church members to a most generous liberality. Probably one element of his success in this direction was his giving so generously himself. He was asked once how he could do this when his own means were small. The explanation was that, coming to St. Louis when the town was new, he would sometimes buy a piece of land at a very low price. When it rose in value, he would sell it and devote the money to some charitable or religious object.

Some of Mr. Eliot's church members have been known to say that they would like to retire from business, but they could not do so, they were obliged to make money for Mr. Eliot's objects.—*William Greenleaf Eliot, by Charlotte C. Eliot.*

THE EDITOR'S CORNER.

We have cut this interesting note and answer from the *Outlook*:—

What is the meaning of the saying, "Are not five sparrows sold for two farthings? and not one of them is forgotten by God"? It is supposed that God loves and protects the sparrow, and the application is that in like manner he loves and protects us. Please explain this lovable belief with the inexorable facts.

A. T. M.

What do we most desire for our children? Happiness and character? If God were to protect us from the perils and temptations of life, he would not equip us with character, nor would he furnish us the highest happiness. For the highest happiness comes to the courageous in confronting danger and to the virtuous in overcoming temptation. Peter, in his inventory of the qualities that make up a noble character, describes them as follows: Faith, valor, knowledge, self-control, patience, godliness, brotherly kindness, love. These qualities cannot be given to one ready made: they must be developed in one by life education. It requires courage to develop valor, study to develop knowledge, struggle to develop self-control, burden-bearing to develop patience, battle with one's self to develop loyalty to God,—that is, godliness,—uncongenial neighbors to develop brotherly kindness, and self-sacrifice to develop, to its highest degree, love. If we regard the purpose of love to be to give present-day happiness, it is impossible to believe that God is love. If we believe the object of love to be the development of the highest form of character and the noblest experiences of life, it is possible to believe that we have in the struggles which make for character the help of a Great Companion who has more hope for us than we have for ourselves, and more faith in us than we have in ourselves.

The answer of Dr. Abbott to this note is good, so far as it goes; but does it fully answer the question?

There are evils in the world which do not develop character. At first we all think of ourselves as the centre of the universe. Our own affairs are the most important thing in the world to us. If sorrow, illness, or death visit our own home, we are as much surprised as if we had never heard of these misfortunes happening to others. No doubt, as Dr. Abbott says, we need for the education of our character danger and temptation, or we

should never learn courage, patience, self-control, and other high and most important qualities.

But by and by we begin to look abroad, and we see how many persons there are with an inheritance and an environment that make a life of uprightness and the attainment of a good character practically impossible to them. We see children born into the world with an inheritance of mental and moral weakness which makes it practically impossible for them to be anything but an evil to themselves and to all who surround them. We see children born with deficient minds, with no power of gaining anything from life in this world full of opportunities for others. We see cruelty triumphant, as on the plantation of Legree and under the despotic rule of the Turks in Armenia. No thoughtful person can live long without observing in the world evils to which there seems to be no bright side. Illness and disappointments, even the loss of friends, seems like nothing beside the knowledge of this darkness. This is the great problem of life, and there never has been any answer to it in the sense of an *explanation*.

A thought, however, once occurred to me which brought a little drop of comfort without throwing any light on the situation. I once had occasion to make a study of the book of Job, in which the problem of personal suffering is as graphically stated as anywhere. Dwelling upon this question a long time, it finally came home to me that, while neither in the Old Testament nor in the New is there any answer in the shape of explanation, there is an answer in the spirit of the message. The message of the Old Testament is, "Be still, and know that I am God." But the message of the New Testament is, "Watch with me one hour."

L. F. C.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

"There was something touching in his childlike and simple reliance upon Divine aid, especially when in such extremities as he sometimes fell into. Though prayer and reading of the Scriptures were his constant habit, he more earnestly than ever, at such times sought that strength which is promised when mortal help faileth. Once he said: 'I have been driven many times upon my knees by the overwhelming conviction that I had nowhere else to go. My own wisdom and that of all about me seemed insufficient for that day.'"—*Blaisdell's Stories of the Civil War*.

AMUSEMENT COLUMN.

[Address everything relating to the Amusement Column to Mr. Henry A. Jenks, 45 Spring Lane, Canton, Mass. Contributors are requested to write on one side of the paper only. Write name and address plainly (not necessarily for publication), and send the answers to the puzzles on a separate slip of paper.]

I.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

In street, but not in road.
In tree, but not in shrub.
In victory, but not in defeat.
In water, but not in fire.
In low, but not in high.
In east, but not in south.
In near, but not in far.
In tent, but not in house.
In light, but not in shadow.
In night, but not in day.
In aster, but not in pink.
In dent, but not in hole.
In half, but not in whole.
In year, but not in month.

My *whole* is a February day sacred to a saint.

II.

FAMOUS PERSONS BORN IN FEBRUARY.

1. C-A--E- -I-K--.
2. A--A-A- -I--O--.
3. -A-E- R--S-L- -O-E--.
4. H-N-Y -A-S-O-T- L-N--
-E--O-.
5. V-C--R ---O.

III.

BOSTON ENIGMA.

The whole, of forty letters, is what Holmes declared was the fixed idea of the Boston man.

26, 9, 6, 21, 14, 17, 32, 12, 9, 32, 32, is famous as the early meeting-place of American patriots.

20, 2, 32, 40, 11, 3 and 29, 40, 21, 34, 15, 13, 6, were two of Boston's best-known literary sons.

40, 5, 34, 7, 16, was a pioneer inventor.

40, 14, 18, 39, 23, 40, 31, 26, 26, 17, 6, 39, 33, 34, 38, 35, is among the newer of Boston's show places.

30, 8, 9, 27, 11, 37, 4, 34, 39, 29, 10, is one of the most notable of America's historic highways.

26, 25, 34, 19, 28, 17, 32, 32, was one of the original elevated points of Boston—now levelled.

32, 17, 24, 11, 34, 10, 36, 27, 34, 16, 11, stood at the rallying place of the Sons of Liberty.

9, 6, 6, 29, 22, 17, 1, 24, 11, 6, 37, a sister of one of the colonial governors, was executed on Boston Common for witchcraft.

The Wellspring.
The Beacon.

IV.

HEROES AND HEROINES.

In what books do they figure?

Sir Amyas Leigh.
Olivia Primrose.
Gabriel Lajeunesse.
Amy Dorrit.
Mr. Micawber.
Little Nell.

V.

PÉCULIAR ARITHMETIC.

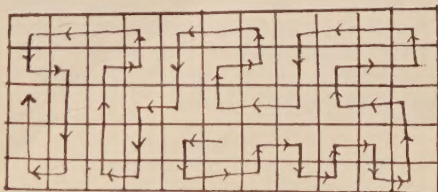
To one-sixth of London add one-seventh of Iceland, one-sixth of Norway, one-fifth of China, one-fourth of Ohio, one-fifth of Levis, one-seventh of Norwood, and make the name of a person born in February.

Answers to Puzzles in the January Number.

I. NOVEL PUZZLE.—1. Night, Eight. 2. Ail, Nil. 3. Tear, Rear. 4. Hent, Out. 5. Aid, Heid. 6. Naught, Tought. 7. Ion, Won. 8. Ever, Aver. 9. Lave, Have. Nathaniel Hawthorne.

II. ANAGRAMS.—1. Raglan. 2. Rawdon. 3. Marion. 4. Taylor. 5. Burnside. 6. Beauregard. 7. Rosecrans. 8. Sheridan. 9. Sherman.

III. LABYRINTH OF LETTERS.



Benjamin Franklin.

Alfred Tennyson.

Bayard Taylor.

Charles Sumner.

IV. A DIAMOND.—

L
WAS
LAYER
SEE
R

V. HALF-SQUARE.—

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NO
T

THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE.

OBJECTS.

1. To cheer and comfort the lonely and discouraged—not only invalids, but all who need cheer and comfort—by the interchange of letters and by gifts of books and periodicals.

2. To supply in some measure to young people in remote places the lack of schools, by gifts of school-books, letters, and, for those who desire it, correspondence classes on history, the natural sciences, and other interesting branches of study. If any desire to join such classes, they may send their names to our secretary.

3. Also to supply, to some extent, the lack of a church. One good sermon or sermon extract is printed in each number of the paper. These sermons are never doctrinal, but practical, and intended to cheer and comfort the sorrowful and aid in giving a vital religion without regard to sect or creed.

Any minister (of any sect) who receives this paper is cordially invited to distribute the copies of the *Cheerful Letter* received among lonely members of his parish, shut-ins, or invalids of whom he may know. He is also invited to write to our headquarters (see address on this page) and give names and addresses of those who may be cheered and helped by becoming our correspondents.

No *theology* is disseminated in our paper. All the religious matter is intended merely to strengthen, cheer, and comfort those in need of such practical help.

Givers of books are reminded that only books of instructive or wholesome nature should be offered in the Book Club. Classics, educational works, and standard novels are always acceptable.

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IMPORTANT NOTICES.

The regular monthly meeting of the Cheerful Letter Exchange will be held Friday, February 7, at 10.30 A.M. at 25 Beacon Street, Boston. All interested are cordially invited to be present.

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The name of any person who fails to obey this rule will be dropped from our list. Any worker receiving such a request should send the letter at once to headquarters.

Send requests for books and letters of thanks to the Book Club Secretary.

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